



# The Tripod

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College

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Number 8

## CHAFF

Precisely why the authorities of this institution send tuition bills to the student and notices of admonition to the parent is a question which leads to paradoxical conclusions. The line of reasoning which actuate the maharajahs of Coll Trin Sanc to such unique administration must be that while college men are old enough to manage their own financial affairs, they are not old enough to be free from Mother's apron-string and Father's razor-strop.

\* \*

It is my opinion that this college is deteriorating into an institution of sissies. Hedging him in on every side of the campus the observant student will see manifestations of an ever-increasing namby-pambyism. In days gone by "the boys from the hilltop" spent their Saturday nights whiffing the froth from the tops of beer schooners over the old J. J. Burns or Heublein bar; today they spend them searching for Bible texts to teach their Sunday School classes the next morning. During the heyday of Dr. Swan's regime a student had to dive from the gymnasium balcony through a flying ring onto a medicine ball or do the giant swing on the high bar to pass Physical Training; under the present administration he has only to memorize a Spaulding rule book and wield a pencil on such questions as: "How many men on a football team?" or "How should a box-scorer recapitulate in a baseball game?", or "What are the dimensions of a soccer ball?" Formerly professors and students gathered for metaphysical discussions around a keg of Schnapps in Jarvis Hall; nowadays the undergraduates buy saccharine Tutti-Frutti candy bars at the Union and eat them at pajama parties in which they discuss movies and coming-out parties.

\* \*

I wish this college had a Professor Teufelsdröckh who would give a course in Allerley-Wissenschaft—"Things in General"—, a course in Nothing and Everything.

The signal weakness of the present-day college is that it is little more than a machine, a machine into which boys are thrust to have their minds studded with facts. Like all machines, it relieves a man of real intellectual labor, but does not inspire him to putting his own brains to work. It turns out hundreds of products every year which are, like the grains of a package of Puffed Rice, "every one just like the last one." The college machine rarely stimulates a man's intellectual curiosity.

The purpose of a college education, as I see it, should be to provide a select group of young men with a background of all the best that has been said and thought in the world so that they, with a philosophical acumen and an aesthetic sensitiveness, may find some happiness in this mundane existence.

But the tendency of the modern college seems directly antithetical to my conception of its purpose. Boys are coming to college yearly with ideals no loftier than those of their Philistine, Babbitty neighbors, and they are leaving with ideals no loftier than to be successful business men, members of Chambers of Com-

(Continued on page 3.)

## HON. BUFFINGTON MARRIED NOVEMBER 18

### President Ogilby Officiates at Ceremony

On Tuesday, November 18, in the Chapel of the Church of the Ascension, Pittsburgh, the Honorable Joseph Buffington of the class of 1875 was married to the Honorable Marguerite Fairfax Clendenin by President Ogilby. Joseph Buffington, Jr. of the class of 1920 was best man.

Almost a year ago Judge Buffington was going from Pittsburgh to Cleveland to speak in the interests of the Nation Wide Campaign. There were several people in the car among them Mrs. Clendenin. Due to the slippery pavement just outside Akron, the car collided with another automobile coming from the opposite direction and all the occupants of the car in which the Judge was riding were seriously hurt. For about three months the Judge and Mrs. Clendenin were in the hospital at Akron, but finally, due to efficient surgical care as well as to the indomitable spirit of both, they were restored to health. In humble gratitude to the mercy of God in saving their lives, they decided to spend the remaining years together in His service.

Mrs. Clendenin lost other relatives and gave herself so devotedly to war work that she has received decorations from the governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and the United States.

The wedding ceremony was preceded by a Communion service at which the bride and groom took the Sacrament. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was given at the University Club by Mr. and Mrs. Dravo, Judge Buffington's nephew and niece. Trinity College was represented by George D. Howell of the class of 1882, a trustee of the college.

## SOPHOMORE HOP FIRST EVENT OF SEASON

### William Keller, Chairman, Leads Grand March

What has proven to be one of the most successful social events of the fall, if not the most successful, was the Sophomore Hop, on Monday evening, December 1. The decorations were complete, the music was excellent, and every factor that goes toward a successful dance was present.

The decorations, in red and white streamers, were very distinctive and showed great work on the part of the committee and their assistants. To the streamers were added further decorations in the palms supplied by Mackay, and other minor touches, which were essential in the appearance of the hall.

In the work on the decorating the committee wishes to thank the members of the Freshman class, through the columns of THE TRIPOD, for their coöperation and valuable assistance, and the various houses on the campus for their aid in supplying the necessary furnishings.

The music was supplied by "Worthy"

(Continued on page 2.)

## Epitaph

Pause, you students great and small,  
Faculty, alumni, trustees, all,  
Pause, and with a bowed, bared head  
For THE TRIPOD, stark and dead  
Breathe a prayer.

Honor to the men who tried  
With their strength, before it died,  
To maintain our college sheet,  
Shrouded now, from head to feet.  
It is fair.

From the paper's dying breath  
Ere it lapsed into its death  
There was formed an infant son,  
"Tripod II", here begun.  
It is rare.

## NEW STUDENT GIVES IMPRESSIONS OF TRINITY

It seems to me that at the present time Trinity has nothing to hold a new student. It is lacking in the fundamental assets of a modern college. Having never heard of Trinity before I arrived here, I was naturally very curious when I arrived here. I was favorably impressed by the intellectual atmosphere, and the beauty of the situation. I enjoyed hearing of the traditions of the college, but there seemed little to say of the present. The new and old students should get together and compete with other present-day colleges, but as long as there are a registrar, faculty, and other impediments to buck against, we never will.

Every instrument tending toward making a strong college is weak. The alumni, which should send students of quality and ability, seem to have forgotten their Alma Mater. The trustees seem to pass over things too lightly, and possess little initiative. The executive heads of the college seem to be down on everything that makes a modern school. A modern college is not all books and learning. There should be teams, publications, and plays to make spirit and to create a feeling that will be dear to an undergraduate. Little does an alumnus think of the lessons he had. It is the teams that he remembers, and the extra curricula activities. All that I can make out so far is that Trinity is in a rut. We might say that it is in a latent state, the energy is here, but no one seems to be willing to get it out.

After I had been here several weeks, I was greatly disappointed in what was to be my Alma Mater. The games, meetings, and all activities in general revealed the weakness of the college. The students appear to be disgusted with their school. They should be, but nothing will be gained moaning about it. It is action that is needed at the present time. There should be a little more coöperation between those instruments which mean success or failure to a school. The blame cannot be placed on anyone directly; everyone seems to be at fault. At the present time it looks as if some new life had been instilled into the alumni. Not that anything will ever come of it, but such action creates a reformation.

## FROSH-JUNIOR BANQUET BIG SUCCESS

### Affair Well Attended. Review Novel Feature

Tuesday evening, December 9, saw the disappearance of much of the Freshman class from the campus, bound for the Freshman-Junior banquet, held at the Palais that night. With a few exceptions they all reached their destination along with the members of their sister class, and with a few interruptions, the party was a complete success.

A Senate ruling of the evening before had forbidden the capture of Freshmen until after 6.15, and a few other rulings were made as to what could and could not be done.

After everybody had reached their destination in safety, the entertainment for the evening began. Between courses of the banquet, various entertainments were provided, some as arranged by the committee and some purely extemporaneous. The principal entertainment of the evening was provided by Marjorie Kay's Booking Studio in their "Dixie Revue", though the spirits of the company were kept at a high pitch by a well-known four-piece colored orchestra.

The principal speaker of the evening was "Bill" Brainard, an ex-Trinity man, but one very well known on the campus. A few well directed words served even more than the other events of the evening to make the affair a complete success.

Special praise is due to the Freshman members of the committee, who arranged most of the entertainment of the evening. They were: Robert Whitaker (ex-officio); Edward Griswold, Alpha Chi Rho; Dudley Burr, Sigma Nu; Daly, Alpha Tau Kappa; William Ellis, Delta Psi; Henry Moses, Alpha Delta Phi; Harry Fertig, Delta Kappa Epsilon; Milstead for the Neutral Body; A. D. Platt, Delta Phi; Kenneth S. Pratt, Psi Upsilon, chairman.

## FRATERNITIES INITIATE TWENTY-SIX NEW MEN

### Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, Delta Psi, Delta Phi

Within the past few weeks, or rather since the last issue of THE TRIPOD, various houses on the campus have held initiations. Delta Phi, Alpha Delta Phi, Delta Psi and Psi Upsilon have all taken in various pledges.

#### Alpha Delta Phi.

On Friday, November 14, Phi Kappa Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, initiated three members of the Freshman class: B. O. Baldwin, A. H. Moses and J. E. S. Leavitt.

#### Delta Psi.

Within the last week the Freshman pledges of Delta Psi have been initiated at the chapter house. They were as follows: H. S. Brown, B. Crain, F. E. Creamer, W. E. Ellis, R. S. Gibson, J. W. Lonsdale, W. P. Orrick and J. K. Sterling.

#### Delta Phi.

On Thursday, November 20, Sigma Chapter of Delta Phi, initiated ten members of the Freshman class pledged to the house this fall. They were: Charles Solms, Ronald Condon, Jack Farris, J. Alvin Mills, William

(Continued on page 3.)

## COLLEGE MOURNS DEATH OF TRUSTEE

### Frank C. Sumner, Prominent Man in Civil Life Dies

Within the last week the news of the death of Frank C. Sumner, trustee of the college, has reached the campus. Mr. Sumner was as closely in touch with undergraduate life at Trinity as any member of the Board of Trustees and his death is being deeply mourned by all who have known him or have come in contact with him.

The following editorial tribute was paid to Mr. Sumner by Colonel Norris G. Osborne, who was long associated with Mr. Sumner:

"The death of Frank C. Sumner yesterday at his home in Hartford removes from the life of the state and city a man of unusual personal and business qualifications. For a half century or more, he has been connected with the banking interests of Hartford and with various of its important industries. His was the type of mind which brought to his service the reliability and steadfastness, a judgment and a vision, not too common among men. Scrupulously honest, human to the core, charitable in the best sense of that word, and a stout supporter of all good works, he leaves his widow and friends a legacy richer and grander than the highest pile of gold can express or title summarize.

"The kindness of his nature sought and found service in many ways. He was helpful to mankind, and to the institutions of mankind. No supplicant for aid was ever roughly turned from his door; no connection withheld which he believed could help the weary and heavy-hearted to find brighter paths and take on new encouragement. For over thirty years he had been director of the State Prison and a member of the State Board of Parole. During that long period he remained a master-builder. At the outset of his career in that capacity he found an institution ill adapted to the human government of its inmates, poorly ventilated and abominably equipped with the bare necessities of daily life. To the correction of these evils, for evils they were, however expressive of the public opinion of that day, he gave his energy and thought, wisely advising the state of its duty and his associates of their responsibility, he lived to see the institution clean and sanitary, its inmates properly fed, clothed and lodged, the rigor of the old-time prison abandoned for reformatory and inspirational methods, the health of the inmates raised to a high level, the principle of the parole vindicated, and humane considerations triumph. In these great undertakings and achievements he was the leader.

"Personally Mr. Sumner was a man of great charm and lovable qualities. His capacity for friendship made him many friends, who came to appreciate and value his gentle characteristics, and his deep humanity. There are hundreds in the outside world who will recall the tenderness of this gentleman, and many behind the cold, gray walls of the prison, who will respond quickly to the knowledge that they, too, have lost a friend. He lived quietly and modestly, he found in the simplicities of life the happiness which so many seek in vain. His was a life of worthiness."



# The Tripod

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The columns of THE TRIPOD are at all times open to alumni, undergraduates and others for the free discussion of matters of interest to Trinity men. No anonymous communications will be published, and THE TRIPOD assumes no responsibility for sentiments expressed by correspondents.

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## "THE RECENT

### UNPLEASANTNESS."

The petition of a group of New York alumni, subject of considerable comment in the Hartford papers, and provocative of several public outbursts by the trustees, was denied last Saturday by that body. This action followed necessarily both from the irregularity of presentation of the petition and its subject matter. The petition was not presented to either the faculty or the trustees but was made known to them only when it appeared on the front page of the "Hartford Courant." Flaunting a petition of such a nature before the eyes of the public before it had been presented to those who of right should examine it first was an oblique assertion that the group from which the petition came assumed that otherwise their charge would not receive the attention they demanded. One of the trustees, present at the meeting subsequent to which the petition was drawn up, was quoted by someone present at the meeting as if he were in perfect knowledge and accordance with the petition of whose existence and content he was entirely unaware. Furthermore, the charges in the petition, though broad and sweeping and directed against some of the oldest members of the faculty, were unsubstantiated by any array of fact. The best that can be said for the action of the alumni is that it argued an understanding of certain conditions at Trinity which ought to be remedied, combined with a misunderstanding both of the factors involved in the problem and the methods of solution.

## GREATER TRINITY.

The problem which must be solved is how a "Greater Trinity" can be achieved. This problem may not be approached without trepidation, for it is complex and far reaching in its extent. The need for some solution has been an increasingly serious matter and from the confused thoughts arising from the consideration of so intricate a problem a certain orderliness has at some length proceeded.

The solution which finally recommended itself is a joint committee of trustees, faculty, alumni and undergraduates which shall consider and propose measures calculated to win for Trinity the position she deserves in the college world.

When a problem is once clearly stated and the nature of the answer understood, the next essential is an orderly, lucid analysis of the factors necessary to determine the answer. The problem is how can "Greater Trinity" be achieved. The answer to the problem is the realization of that "Greater Trinity" the "Vision of 1923." But the factors have not been clearly analyzed, cannot be clearly analyzed. The factors are functions of four different groups, trustees, faculty, undergraduates and alumni. These groups are separated

from each other by artificial barriers across which they have been unable to pass. This committee will eliminate those barriers and bring the groups together so that an analysis of the factors may be made and the answer obtained. Partial understandings and misunderstandings will be cleared up and the committee will act to coördinate all the factors aiming towards a bigger and better Trinity.

This committee, which shall be called the "Committee on Greater Trinity," shall consist of eight men, two each from the trustees, faculty, alumni and undergraduate body, and a permanent alumni secretary. The president of the college shall be chairman of the committee and shall be one of the two faculty members. One representative of both the alumni and the trustees must be a resident of Hartford. One of the undergraduate representatives shall be the president of the student body and the other shall be a Senior elected by the college body for the term of one year. The committee shall meet at regular intervals and the record of its proceedings shall be communicated to alumni, trustees, faculty and undergraduates. Its findings shall be in the form of recommendations.

## RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Trinity abounds in regulations, as do most venerable institutions of a similar nature. No one on the campus knows who to blame for most of them, in fact, many of the men on the campus don't even know half the rules, and probably think Miss Alma Mater wrote them. Of course one can't expect the students to know all the rules, especially when they're more assorted than the Chinese alphabet—and just about as interesting.

Since ignorance of rules is no excuse for a self-respecting collegiate, the lack gives rise to an opportunity for an article treating some of the "Campus Calamities."

In the staid old statutes there is somewhere an evidently obsolete regulation stating that freshmen should live on the campus. Some of them do, so it seems. This is a perfectly legitimate request and its benefits are readily seen. Disregard of this rule weakens college activities considerably in that it takes students' interests out of college bounds. It lessens college loyalty and eliminates college life.

The first hour of the first Monday in each month the college body get together in the Public Speaking Room and gives the faculty something to laugh about until the next meeting. The petitions formulated here are overcome with the same degree of ease that drowns the students' more meek suggestions.

There is a little matter of Chapel attendance. The students don't mind that rule any more than a broken leg so for the time being that may pass off.

Half-cuts for tardiness are given by some of Trinity's more generous profs. Their tenderness has become hardened on seeing so many of their students go on ad that they now can rest easily even though they realize that four-fifths of their men are in this sad state. Speaking of cuts and admonition, it is noble of the college to have its physician, whose prescriptions keep more men out of ad than out of bed.

All places, whatever their nature, must have rules and regulations to guide them. They never are received with any great degree of willingness or enthusiasm, whatever their content. Some are good and some are not; a judicious selection should be made and the beneficial one stressed and the less helpful ignored.

**WAKE UP  
TRINITY!**

## SOPHOMORE HOP.

(Continued from page 1.)

Hills and his orchestra, most of the members of which are Trinity or ex-Trinity men, and little need be said in regard to the satisfaction received in this quarter.

The patronesses of the event were: Mrs. R. B. Ogilby, Mrs. P. H. Brown, Mrs. R. C. Buell, Mrs. T. B. Chapman, Mrs. S. L. Galpin, Mrs. I. K. Hamilton, Jr., Mrs. H. A. Perkins, Mrs. F. Simpson, Mrs. R. A. Wadsworth and Mrs. J. C. Wilson.

## THE MORON'S CORNER.

Edited by a pure moron for the benefit of the college half-wits.

No, Rollo, you're mistaken, we don't get paid for this. It is simply a good excuse for not passing German.

\* \*

The Sophomore Hop was an impressive affair. The odor of mothballs emitting from some three hundred dollars' worth of rented Tuxedos gave Alumni Hall a charming atmosphere. The only drawback was the physical incapacity of some of the male guests. They claimed to be suffering from water on the knee, but during intermission we found to our great satisfaction that Gordon on the hip was the real cause.

\* \*

The Rev. Remsen Brinckerhoff Ogilby, B. D., LL. D., gazed on the chapel assembly—and then prayed for the college.

"Homeward Bound", in one act, will be presented by the mid-year graduates some time after January 30, 1925. The production is a musical comedy written by Professors Babbitt, Kleene, Spaulding and Perkins. We understand that the key of F flat is used throughout. Professor Adams, the director, has not yet announced the full cast but as the competition is very keen, we are sure that the parts will be well taken care of. Gregory, '28, will in all probability be the leading man. Pitcher, '26, is scheduled for the part of the demure, young ingenue. The chorus will be ably taken care of by some of the promising members of the Freshman class.

\* \*

Cop (to Norman Pitcher in his deluxe Ford)—"Hey there, you can't stop here."

Pitcher—"Can't, hell. You don't know this car."

\* \*

LOST—A fountain pen by a student with a cracked cap. —'28.

\* \*

Blest be the tie that binds

My collar to my shirt,  
Although it is a cheap affair,  
It hides a streak of dirt.

\* \*

Heaven helps only those who hand in their chapel slips.

\* \*

Act One.

One student with a pair of four plus's.

Act Two.

One student with five F's.

Act Three.

One student with pick and shovel.

\* \*

It is wonderful to feel friendly with all the world, to know that you are knocking all your courses for A's, to be able to hand out dollar bills to everyone you meet, to be able to talk with a flow of eloquence, but cripes, it certainly leaves you with a terrible headache in the morning.

\* \*

If they keep up taking collections in Sunday morning chapel, we will soon run out of buttons for our suits.

\* \*

We believe in saying it with flowers all right, just so they say it with "Four Roses."

\* \*

Perry and Mackinnon are in the right class, the centennial class, for it will take them a hundred years to graduate.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE

OF A SENIOR.

I dragged myself out of bed just in time to put a sweater and trousers over my pajamas and make chapel. There I was entranced by the deep-throated French of Professor Louis Naylor, charmed by a sonorous solo of Dr. Ogilby's and during the prayer attempted to do the last 3000 pages of an assignment for Professor Shepard. I did, however, realize that the prayer was the one "grant to our trustees ripe wisdom, to our faculty gift of leadership and to our students a receptive spirit," and it struck me that there was something very true about each of these qualifications. I thought the trustees have wisdom which is if anything too ripe and mellowed by age until it has become far too conservative for a progressive college, the leadership of the faculty must have been a gift, and for them to desire us to have merely a receptive spirit seemed rather typical of the fact we're to take everything and say nothing.

Since it was Saturday, and I had four recitations, I secretly bemoaned the fact I had no time for breakfast, and went to Professor Humphrey's History XIII. There I studied the contortions of the Professor, wondering the while if he had not, after all, missed his calling, and I learned to my astonishment that every member of European royalty was illegitimate. Leaving the course with a vague feeling of pride that I surpassed these Europeans in some things in spite of their noble birth, I went to a German II class. For one reason or another I felt philosophically inclined this morning, and when Holmes gave me an F for not pronouncing unslanted W like the R in hook I wondered just what the difference would be as regards the social progress of the world a hundred years from now. When he told us for the sixth time in six days that he would be again forced to increase the assignment I wondered how long it would take a human form to deteriorate and then do some good in the world if it were only protected by pine boards, even though the form was of a tremendously powerful "he man" type.

During the interval between this class and the next I visited the Union, where I asked for some of those new "Maiden's Prayer" candies they've advertised, but they said that they were all sold out because it was Saturday morning and the boys had been laying in a stock of them for the week-end.

I thence hurried into Professor Shepard's class where I was delighted to hear that the truly great American writer was yet to be found, for I realized that here at last was my opportunity. On getting back one of my papers in which I had quoted something from one of Professor Dadourian's lecture I found the whole clause was heavily underlined, and in the margin had been written "poor English." As Professor Shepard declared that he was mightily averse to making the course a lecture course, he began a lecture which lasted throughout the hour, during the course of which I was surprised to hear him say that the female form was less beautiful than the male, and I thought that though he might possibly be right, I should like to show him some that I've seen before he passed such a judgment.

My last class was a long endurance contest between Professor Kleene and the god of slumber in which first one and then the other gained a temporary advantage. After the subject was again announced as the supply and demand curve I fell into a fitful sleep, in which I dreamt that Trinity had a winning chess team and that as the pistol cracked for the start, I, at left halfback, wallowed out a nifty single, and with the score deuce, and three more holes to play, shot the winning basket. Coming to rather suddenly I heard Professor Kleene say that the demand curve went up as the supply curve went (Continued on page 3.)

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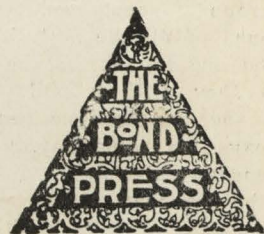
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## FRATERNITIES INITIATE.

(Continued from page 1.)

F. Judge, Arthur D. Platt, Sherman J. Beers, Theodore L. Thomas, D. Evans Brown, H. B. Van Gieson.

Psi Upsilon.

On Friday, November 14, Beta Beta Chapter of Psi Upsilon initiated five pledges from the upper classes. They were: Dana Varney, Harry Green, Frederick Hicks, Frederick Leeseaman and George Thoms.

## A SENIOR'S DAY.

(Continued from page 2.)

down. Then losing consciousness once more I dreamt that I was president of the college and decided some minor affair all by myself, while none of the faculty protested that it had never been done before and was therefore impossible. Rousing myself again, I realized it could have been but a dream, and I learned that as the supply curve went down the demand curve went up. Just then the bell rang, and five minutes later the class was dismissed.

At lunch, which I appreciated in my famished condition, there was a telephone call for me. I tactfully asked a freshman to discover who was calling, and finding it to be the father of the girl whom I visited last night, I had the freshman inform the gentleman that I had already gone home for Christmas.

I had received a peculiarly strange yet familiar yellow envelope in my morning's mail from the president requesting my presence at his office at 2 o'clock, and though I was not deluded into believing he wished to tell me that I had been appointed to the Board of Trustees, I was a bit puzzled as to whether it was admonition or probation this time. I found the president cleaning his pipe, and after he had informed me it was merely admonition, we fell into a discussion as to what was wrong with the college. I felt that we needed a new building and some changes in the personnel of the faculty, but Dr. Ogilby believed the student body was at fault, so we solved the entire problem satisfactorily by deciding that if we had new buildings, a new faculty and a new student body we would have a fair start towards improving matters at the college.

Since it was the day of our big game with "the yellow hurricane," I hurried to the gym to get into uniform. The entire team was there with both substitutes, though one was unfortunately on crutches. The coach made us an inspiring speech, and endeavored to convince us that our opponents weren't as good as the scores would indicate. Nevertheless, as I felt of my broken rib that I received in the last game, my strained shoulder which some of those Maine woodsmen gave me, as I tried to bend three sprained fingers and to stand on the ankle I twisted in the first game, his words failed to carry conviction. We tottered onto the field and lined up in regular formation in order to keep our opponents from realizing that our usual lineup was the shift formation which they'd been practicing against for three weeks.

The opponents kicked off and, as I was a halfback, I chanced to have the dubious honor of catching the ball, which made me a target for the component parts of this so-called "yellow hurricane," and I must admit I can't remember that any of them missed me. At the end of two minutes several vague and grotesque persons stood on my feet, yelled a lot of silly numbers at me, and then a lot of other vague shapes knocked me down again. I don't remember much more except that I played football twelve years that afternoon, and that the game made me think of tag only they'd never let us be it, and they were also very selfish about the ball, for the only time I ever saw it was when some thick idiot threw it at me and it struck my nose with sufficient force to make it bleed. They said the score was 98 to 6, but for all I knew it was a very close game and I wished fervently throughout the contest that it wouldn't be nearly as close.

At supper I heard an amusing rumor to the effect that Professor Troxell was making a close study of a number of members of the faculty in connection with his course on fossils.

There was to have been a special senate meeting, in spite of the fact that it was Saturday night, to decide whether or not we would dispense with all the members of the faculty or

merely a majority of them. As I was the only one to show up, however, I could see nothing special about the meeting so I adjourned the meeting as usual with the report of "no work done."

In order to keep up my average of 99 44-100% I determined to study my Monday's French, but having cut my last class in accordance with the faculty ruling that seniors need go to no classes, I had to find out the lesson. There was only one man in the entire dormitory though, and he didn't take French so being tired I determined to go to bed. Consequently, I took my daily setting-up exercises, which I have kept up to keep from becoming round shouldered on account of the weight of my OBK key, and retired, well pleased with myself, though I fell asleep wondering about the fact that Trinity men write such dumb articles as this one and yet manage to stay in college.

## CHAFF.

(Continued from page 1.)

merce and Rotary Clubs, men of large bank accounts and no brain accounts. They are not told that colleges are not teaching a man to earn a living, but to learn living. A business college could give him better what he expects.

The perfect dumbbell could become a bachelor of science cum laude provided he had a fairly tenacious memory. All he need do is memorize that Charlemagne was coronated king of the Holy Roman Empire on Christmas Day 800 A. D., that a over b equals sin A over sin B, that unstripped muscular tissue is involuntary muscle, and several thousand other facts never correlated for him—infinite, insignificant details which he will never make use of once he has his sheepskin in his hand and his foot in an insurance office.

So I say, let us have a Teufelsdröckh who will put freshmen on the right track, will demolish the machine and substitute individual intellectual effort. Instead of making them answer trick problems that mean no more than Sam Lloyd rebuses or cross-word puzzles, he will inspire them to correlating their learned facts to form a philosophy of life and "what it's all about." Diderot once confessed he never mastered the multiplication table; why deny a man hours to study life because he must pore over inconsequential pages of formulae? The student will awaken to the real motive of college as Shakespeare, Darwin, Hegel, Ibsen, Goethe, Homer, Nietzsche, Milton, Heroditus and the scores of other diversified interpreters of life, who to him are little more than names, are revealed to him by the Professor of Nothing and Everything.

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So much to think about is contained in an interview with Henry Holt, editor of several worthy publications, which appeared in a recent issue of "The New York Times," that I have clipped it for TRIPOD readers to digest. Mr. Holt was asked if he believed culture is on the decline.

"Yes both in quality and quantity. Education is increasing, but culture, which is the flower of education, is not increasing. For instance, literature and art do not cut as big a figure in my clubs now as when I was a young man; nor do they in the community at large. On the other hand, although I think that the Metropolitan Museum, for example, appeals today to the masses in a greater degree than it would have done if it had been mature when it started some sixty years ago, I question whether the interest of the educated people is so deep as it was then. I attribute this decline of culture among the upper classes to commercialism.

"Commercialism has had a disastrous effect on culture. The devel-

opment of the physical resources of this country has been so colossal that scarcely any one can resist the temptation of pitching in to get his share. The standard of life from the material point of view—and this is especially true of pre-war days—is so high that the average gentleman needs a princely income to keep up his end. And again, in a democratic country, where every one is as good as every one else, all want to be equally rich. Consequently, wealth, and wealth only, is pursued. I know of many fathers who have some claim to be considered men of culture, who have had all the difficulty in the world to dissuade their sons from entering Wall Street. All the young men today want to go into business, and it is a bad sign—a distinctly bad sign—when young men show themselves indifferent to the call of less material pursuits."

In answer to the question: "How would you describe a civilized man?" Mr. Holt replied:

"That is a very big question, but at the moment I think I can best describe him as the sort of man who worries over the question of how young men can be dissuaded from going into business. It is strange to think that when I was young it was not thought the thing for a college graduate to go into business. Today the majority of them don't want to go into anything else.

"Colleges no longer civilize. They are too much devoted to athletics. In my time the best college societies took men for their intellectual attainments and qualities; today the same societies vie with one another to get the captains of all the athletic teams. The cultivation of the humanities, which is an essential of culture, is decreasing. Indeed, I might say that the distinction between the cultured and the uncultured man lies in the humanities. Our civilization is so much a part of the stream from Rome that a mature man cannot be considered cultured unless he has forgotten a good deal of Latin and considerable Greek. But their influence remains. In most colleges today neither Latin nor Greek is an essential subject."

Mr. Holt was asked his opinion in regard to Matthew Arnold's plea for an extension of the English so-called public school system in order to civilize the middle and lower classes in England.

"It could do something for education, but little for culture. There are economic difficulties in the way. Culture and money go together to a certain extent. The sons of families of culture educate one another. If you put a crowd of workingmen's sons together in no matter how fine a school, these boys cannot obtain from one another the same thing that Eton boys do."

It seems to me that Mr. Holt has said in these few paragraphs enough to keep the ball rolling in several undergraduate debates. —G.M.-S.

Ever since we have been at Trinity we have been wondering what we

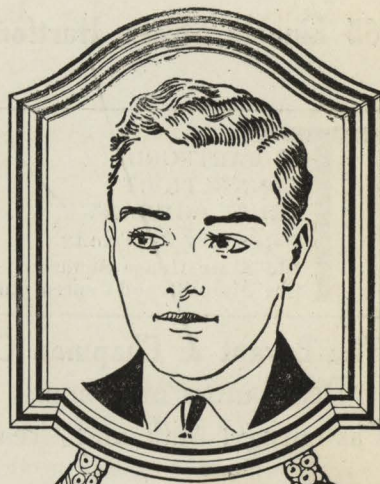
would must take to get a degree. It is more absorbing than a cross-word puzzle to try and figure it out. There are the different groups of courses, the periods and exam groups, and the requirements for the B. S. and A. B. degrees. The conclusion we have come to is to take all the courses listed in the catalogue in alphabetical order, this could be done in about seven years, then if one has made an average of C and 23-77th's per cent., and has paid all library fines and other financial obligations, one is liable to a degree.

THE TRIPOD has had a set of monkey glands installed in the form of five or six new contributors. Any others wishing to make monkeys of themselves, kindly contribute.

\*\*

Professor Humphrey should be congratulated upon getting such an interesting speaker as Horace Taft.

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## ODORS

Entrance into any room, building or locality brings with it an unconscious perception of the prevailing odor or odors. As the speeding train passes the slaughter house or the coke ovens the passengers instantly become aware of them even before the objects themselves are visible. Churches and ice-houses, bird stores and confectionery shops, virgin woods or barnyards, all carry about them a scent characteristic and memorable. And, therefore, when a newcomer crosses our campus, to him there must come the prevailing odor of Trinity College. At this juncture of our discourse we might succumb to an objectionable desire, the wish to utter humorous remarks such as the ribald statement that the dominating odor is not dissimilar to Gordon, but with an exceptional power of self-control, we shall speed on toward the ultimate object, our thought.

The invisible emanation which proceeds from the polecat or the fox betrays the owner's presence to the sensitive nostrils of the forest folk. Many a corpse might have lain undetected had not decomposition loosened noticeable stench. In accompanying articles mention is made of the deplorable state of affairs at our college. Linking this condition with our present trend of thought we instantly jump to the statement that even as those sorely afflicted with disease exhale an effluvia, just so does this college bear about it an evil odor.

The analysis of odors is possible as we of this scientific time well know. Bearing our knowledge of analysis upon the matter at hand we can readily see that the components of Trinity's smell are in number six. For clarity's sake we shall enumerate them immediately. They are the president, the faculty, the student body, the registrar, the Board of Trustees, and the alumni. Our president, with us five years, does not show any exceptional fiery enthusiasm nor indeed any visible progressive policy. The faculty cooperates in the same manner as does the student body, but from the undergraduate point of view is divided into two outstanding groups, those who have a pronounced leaning toward the pedagogic, the rule and routine or, frankly speaking, who have a tendency toward the niggardly and those who strive to blend with their professorial duties some form of personality and consideration. The handling of "cuts" on the part of the faculty clearly illustrates our meaning. The student body, partially because of its composite character and

partially because of its inertia, cooperates but seldom and then in a deplorably disjointed manner. It is also composed of two segments, the acceptable and the "worms." The latter are readily discerned by character appraisal and it is due to their recent increase that we voice disapproval of the registrar's action. One glance at the freshman body makes this statement obvious. Criticism of our alumni may well enter at this point for to them we look for a certain portion of new men. A college is judged by its student body. Of the trustees we can say but little. We know practically nothing of them and they in turn seem to know nothing of us. They form the gaseous quality of the scent and stimulate its elusiveness.

The foulest smell, nevertheless, may be dispelled. Fumigation, cleansing or spraying when turned upon scents may change their character in short shift. Our unction or salve, our "Black Leaf 40," or paris green and our burning sulphur take the form of initiative and energy. It can neither be rightly or wrongly applied, for the need is so great that its form cannot be objected to.

## WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH TRINITY?

This is the question which is on every tongue at the present time, and has been for the last five years as far as the writer can determine. The faculty of the college is blamed for its alleged conservatism. The president is accused of incompetence, and too many outside Church duties. The alumni from some sections of the country periodically become aroused and decide to change certain things. Occasionally the trustees have some difficulties and there is a resignation. In athletics Trinity has done badly for the last several years, in fact, since the war there have been but mediocre teams up to the present season, which has proven very disastrous. About four years ago the system of subsidizing teams was inaugurated. This proved to be a complete failure. The foregoing is a statement of the condition that exists at the present time.

Witness the result of student activities. The Union is over five hundred dollars in debt and the faculty before the recent beneficial change of management was considering taking it out of the hands of the students. The "Ivy" was unpublished last year. The Jesters, revived last year after a period of inactivity, has been struggling along presenting a few plays in Hartford but making no trips which advertise the ability of

the students and draw new men to Trinity. The same is true for the Glee Club. There do not seem to be any leaders here to run these activities in a successful manner. Perhaps it were better to say that there are not enough men here with ability and inclination to get behind the men who are endeavoring to perpetuate the fine records set by early students at Trinity. This latter statement is borne out by the management of THE TRIPOD last year. Malcolm-Smith, editor-in-chief, unaided, save for a few faithful contributors, published THE TRIPOD with fair regularity for the entire year. "Duke" deserves a great amount of credit for his work and unfortunately for THE TRIPOD expects to get a degree this year and is forced to devote his time to his studies. There is no cooperation between the students and the faculty, the alumni and the students, or the students themselves. No two men can agree on what the trouble is. The fraternities cannot agree on anything, which is proved by the petering out of the late movement to start a new fraternity council. The only thing that everyone agrees upon is that something is wrong.

When next we hear the question "What is the matter with Trinity?" let us admit the truth that the student body is essentially mediocre and lackadaisical.

Dum—"Hal was held up last night you mean."  
Bell—"Where?"  
Dum—"All the way home."

If we wanted a Bachelor of Acrobatics degree we would certainly go to some one who was an authority upon the subject. How many of our Phi Beta faculty can stand on their heads, or do a giant swing, or a cartwheel? Imagine Dr. Adams doing a kip.

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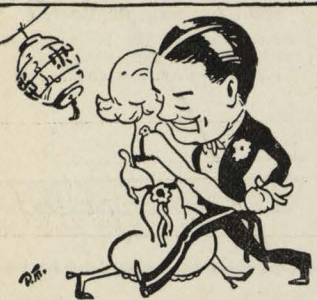
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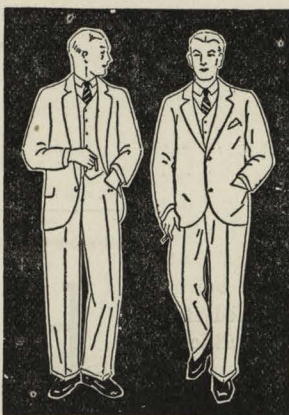
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